Col. A. P. Butler's Place in History.

To the Editor of The State:

I was charmed to read the delightful traditional narrative of Col. A. P. Butler by Ambrose E. Gonzales. His references to Col. Butler by those who knew the colonel are perfect in the portrayal of this man's true character.

I trust I'll not be trespassing on anything my friend Gonzales may write in the future about Colonel Butler if I venture to make public a fact in the history of South Carolina that very few of the younger generation know anything about.

Colonel Butler gained his position of commissioner of agriculture by his heroic work in 1876 when the South was struggling to throw off the yoke of tyranny that was placed upon the neck of the South by a dominating and unmerciful party.

On July 8, 1876, Colonel Butler was sitting on his front piazza reading a paper, in full view of his extensive plantation, when one of his neighbors rode up and handed him a note. The neighbor's horse was lathered with sweat, having made a tempestuous ride from Hamburg, S. C.

This neighbor was Jim Hightower; a truer man never lived, though poor and uneducated. Colonel Butler dropped his paper, threw out his quid of tobacco and said, after reading the note, "Hightower, the hell you say! Is all this going on in Hamburg?"

The note was from the colonel's best friend and relative, Gen. M. C. Butler, then in Hamburg, where he had gone in the capacity of a lawyer to try before the trial justice a band of rioting negroes.

General Butler was hired by Col. "Bob" Butler, another relative, to come to Hamburg and try a negro, Dock Adams, captain of a negro company, armed and equipped by the dominant party to enforce equal suffrage and social equality. The lawyer, Butler, left Edgefield on July 7, armed with his law books and rode in an open buggy, driving his favorite horse, Bob.

He spent the night with Col. "Bob" Butler and went early next morning to Hamburg to consult the trial justice, Prince Rivers, a big black negro, six feet six inches tall. His honor said he was helpless, as Dock Adams and his company were beseiged in the Sibley building, in their armory, armed with Springfield rifles and plenty of amunition and defying the invulnerable. At 8 o'clock that hot moonlight night of July 8 the negroes killed handsome, chivalrous McKie Meriwether, the very flower of the young men of that part of South Carolina. Captain Butler's men went wild then and an ex-union soldier approached those in command and suggested bringing over the artillery. This took like wildfire. First Sergeant Hugh Shaw, a practicing physician and a brave gentleman, was detailed to go to Augusta for the guns. The cannon came across in quick time, and one poor fellow, Perdue, was killed on the bridge coming over. I shall never forget that night when we heard the booming of the cannon on the banks of the Savannah as they shelled most effectively the beseiged Sibley building. My! what a quieting effect it had on the negro rioters. Orders to bring them in dead or alive were strictly carried out. Therefore, it was Captain Butler's troop, at the suggestion of his relative, General Butler, that broke the backbone of radicalism and "nigger" domination in South Carolina. This should be said to give these two men their proper place in the history of South Carolina.

After the quelling of the negro riot by the authority of Judge Rivers, the Sweetwater Sabre club and all others connected with the Hamburg affair were arrested or indicted and ordered to court in Aiken town.

Their appearance in court evidently was not very urgent for the Sweetwater Sabre club was ordered by Captain Butler to assemble at Cherokee pond on his plantation to go to Aiken and be tried.

The Rev. Mr. Shaw of Edgefield owned a residence within a few miles of Aiken and very kindly turned it over to the troop. So they camped here until their lawyers, Col. George Croft, Gen. Moultrie Gary, Maj. Bill Gary and others could fix up the papers in the case.

While sojourning in this camp a great many sympathizers were on hand to encourage their fellow citizens. Among the crowd was George D. Tillman, who told Captain Butler how Z. T. George of Mississippi, by spectacular displays, helped to throw off negro rule in that state. He, Tillman, had been defeated for congress by a negro. He also told of how the politicians of the North were flaunting the bloody shirt in our faces, etc. Mr. Tillman suggested to Captain Butler the advisability of uniforming the soldiers and by night the red shirts were ready to equip the Sweetwater Sabre club. And a flagstaff with two dough faces of black negro heads with bullet holes in the foreheads was hoisted to be carried through Aiken. The inscriptions got-up by the Tillmans were: "Satan appeals to the fallen angels; awake and arise or be forever fallen," "None but the guilty need fear."

With the red shirts as uniforms of this spectacular demonstration, the troop mounted and started for the court house in Aiken. At the head of the troop was the sheriff of Aiken county with armed deputies leading to court a troop of cavalry, with Captain A. P. Butler at the head, all armed and equipped, going as prisoners.

All of this, originated by order of Captain Butler, created consternation among the negroes and radicals in Aiken and the trial was a farce, the judge on the bench, a radical carperbagger, was so upset that he nol prossed the case. He first, however, when the armed prisoners marched into the court house, mildly suggested that the arms be left outside, but he was told in strong language that the Aiken and Edgefield men would sacrifice their homes and firesides for their country's good but would not give up their arms.

So we see that A. P. Butler bore a leading part in putting down the radicles who had for two years been browbeating and tyrannizing over the white people of South Carolina, but all this stopped them in their madness. He, too, was the originator of the red shirt as a '76 uniform, first suggested by General Ferguson of Mississippi and put into practical effect at the suggestion of George Tillman and by order of Captain Butler in command of the Sweetwater Sabre club.

After this trial in Aiken a new vision was taken by the Democratic party of South Carolina. For a long time there had been a difference of opinion as to what was the best policy to pursue to right the very deplorable state of affairs that existed. The older members of the Democratic party thought a conciliatory policy would bring relief more normally and wanted to run Daniel H. Chamberlain, a Radical, for governor, but the younger branch of the party were for nominating and electing a straightforward white Democratic ticket. Well, the great work at Hamburg in suppressing the negro riot put the straightout movement in high spirits, for they had demonstrated most effectively what they could and would do.

The next day, July 9, General Butler drove up to his residence in Edgefield a little before dusk and told in a very happy and graphic way the true facts about the Hamburg riot. Next morning he drove down to town and one of the first men he met was Gen. Moultrie Gary, a gallant brigadier in the Confederate war and a distinguished lawyer, and General Gary congratulated General Butler on his great work at Hamburg. General Gary and General Butler were leaders of the branch of party advocating a straight Democratic ticket, and General Gary expressed the opinion that the straightouts would win now in spite of the Conservative opposition. The times were critical and there had to be a greater concert of action.

So the leaders met in Charleston after a thorough caucas on the question. It was decided that General Butler, being closer to General Hampton than any of the others, should write to Hampton, who was out in Mississippi trying to resuscitate what little the war had left him. The noble old general like Cincinnatus of old, dropped the plow handles and came at his state's call and led the fight for the redemption of South Carolina.

F. W. P. Butler.

Columbia.

Suppose the Farmers Struck.

There are generally from fifty to several hundred strikes in the industrial world every month in the year. Many of these are only of local significance and others are nation wide. All of them interfere with business and cause suffering even among those who in no wise are responsible for conditions which brought about the difference in opinion between employer and employee. And what difference does it make to the striker? If the workers in the packing plant want to walk out, they proceed to do so without regard to the effect on others. Whatis it to them if the livestock men have no market? What do they care if through a prolonged strike many tables go meatless? The June 9, 1863, at the battle of Brandy Station, Va., took a quick view of the situation and acted on his own initiative. While standing in front of Judge River's office, Jim Hightower, having been to Augusta on business, rode by on his way home, and the lawyer handed him the note for Colonel Butler ,who lived seven miles from Hamburg. General Butler told Jim the contents of the note and of the desperate situation. Jim Hightower pulled up his horse and his ride was a Revere's ride of old.

After reading the note from General Butler who had been authorized by Judge Rivers to appoint a posse to arrest the rioting negroes, Colonel Butler rang his bell or blew his horn, called in his hands and sent them out to round up the Sweetwater Sabre club of which the colonel was then captain. This cavalry troop was made up of the very flower of that section and they met every Saturday afternoon and tilted lances and some played cards and had something to drink and met at dear old Sweetwater church, standing there now. After the colonel had detailed his negroes to round up his company armed with carbines, sabres and six-shooters, he put his servants at work preparing to feed men and horses. Although the times were troublous and uncertain, the colonel was hospitable and by the time the gentlemen arrived, about 12, he was prepared to feed man and horse sumptuously. (Of course, all who wanted to, took a stiff drink, as there was a barrel in the smoke house.) After dinner, Captain Butler, at the head of the Sweetwater club, formed a file of fours and marched to Hamburg as a legal posse to arrest, if possible, the defiant negroes and to suppress them if it had to be done.

That July 8 was a very hot day and Captain Butler reached Hamburg at 4 p. m., ready for the fray. The negroes in the Sibley building were more defiant than ever after the arrival of the troop of cavalry. The leaders decided the best way to suppress or arrest the negroes was to fight by skirmish line and Captain Butler drew up his company and counted fours. Well, the battle began in earnest, and for a long time the negroes' beseiged position seemed of the plan to arouse a public demand for a settlement in form of a compromise out of which they hope to gain some new advantage. Of late, however, the sympathy of the public has shifted. The public is tired of constant business interruptions and it is history that the sympathetic cooperation of the public is necessary to the winning of any strike.

But we are diverting. What would happen if the farmers of the land should go on a strike? Suppose the farmers and the livestock men should refuse to ship one single animal to market for a period of one month? Suppose that they went to even greater extremes and agreed to live in a primitive way and grow only enough food for their own use for one entire season? They would be condemned by the public and by organized labor for threatening the life of the nation. Yet, farmers have just as much right to strike for better working conditions as have the packing house workers, the railroad men or the workers in any other great industry.

Farmers will always produce enough to feed and clothe the nation. If they strike, it will be for an equal chance with other forms of industry and it will be an orderly strike in which there will be no picketing; no slugging and no murder. The public will be taken into their confidence and through cooperative organization they will shorten the distance betweeen producers and consumers whereby both may profit and the nation prosper. The only persons to be hurt in this strike will be the speculator and the profiteer, and may both classes get justice.—Farm & Ranch.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to hunt or trespass in any way whatsoever on the land of W. Luther and Ben Jones, and all hunting privilege previously given by Dr. B. F. Jones is hereby withdrawn. The law will be enforced to the limit against trespassers.

MARIAN H. CHILDRESS,
Guardian.

Jan. 4-4t.

The Old Clock-Maker

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

The old clockmaker was seated in his office, his head upon his hands, his elbows on his desk, pondering. He occupied a tiny office in an old-fashioned part of New York, downtown, and he sat there for a great part of each day since he came to America fifty years before, bringing with him the skill of twelve generations of Swiss clockmakers. Walser's clocks never varied by more than five minutes a year. Great, old-fashioned grandfather's clocks they were, and because the modern fashion is for cheap and gaudy things, he sold only to a few old-fashioned customers, and his whole stock was stored in the small warehouse and workshop at the back of his office.

And he had driven Ernst, his only son, his only child, out of his home forever. Ernst was the last of the Walsers, and with his action he had effectively cut himself off from all the generations that were to come. How foolish his quarrel had been! It was about a girl whom Ernst wanted to marry, and because he had not told his father all about it old Walser had taken umbrage.

"Who is she?" he asked angrily. And Ernst answered that she was a domestic servant. Then the old man's anger flared out, for the Walsers traced their descent from princes and Walser had mixed so little with his kind that the old traditions lingered.

Old Walser turned to his son.

He pointed to an old clock which had ticked away the hours minute by minute ever since he had brought it to America.

"Ernst," he said hoarsely, "that clock was made by my father for his serene highness the prince of Lutterling. My father was once engaged to marry the prince's daughter. She died, but the match was never considered unequal. The Walsers have been a proud old family, though they are clockmakers. And you—you—you are going to marry a servant.

"Well, marry her, but from this moment you are no longer a Walser. I disown you by the memory of my father." He pointed still to the timepiece. "When that clock, which my father made in 1833, goes wrong by as much as ten minutes in a day, I will ask you to come back to me," he said. "Now go!"

And Ernst went.

The old clock never varied by as much as a minute a day. Its melancholy tick was wearing the old man's heart away. He moaned in his [illegible] as he sat at his [illegible] pened. A sudden whirring sound was heard, and the hands began racing furiously. And then they stopped and the old clock stood still at half past four.

That was the precise time at which Ernst put on his hat and left the house.

The old man fell back in his chair and stared in astonishment at this phenomenon.

Presently, when curiosity overcame his terror, he opened the case and peered in. And swiftly enough the cause was revealed. Wedged tightly into the mechanism was a clockwork mouse.

Walser drew out the mouse and looked at it. Years before he had brought that mouse home for his son Ernst, in the days when he was a baby, playing about the floor of the nursery. The child must have placed his toy inside the old clock and forgotten all about it.

Walser rose up solemnly and put on his hat. He turned to the clock and his voice was choking with emotion.

"I know now," he said, "that this is a judgment and a miracle in one."

Ten minutes later he arrived at a dingy, shabby house, and made his way up to the top floor and knocked.

A comely young woman came to the door.

"You are—?" queried Walser.

"I am Mrs. Walser," she answered in a very sweet voice. "You have business with my husband?"

"You are my son's wife?" shouted the old man. "Why, I thought—I thought—"

And suddenly he flung his arms about her and drew her to him and kissed her. And at the audible sound Ernst came to the door, looking shabby and thin, but with fire in his eye and fists doubled to repel this assault upon the sanctity of his home. Seeing his father he halted dead.

"Come here, my boy," cried the old man. "It's all forgotten—the clock ran down. Come with me and I will tell you all about it."

Marvels of Modern Music.

"I understand that some of the popular ballads of yesterday are coming into favor again.'

"That won't restore us to normalcy."

"No?"

"The average jazz orchestra can take 'Home Sweet Home' and make it sound like the last stages of a hooch party in the Congo."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Partial Retribution.

"Do you approve of a prize fight?"

"Only 50 per cent. I always feel that the one who loses deserved exactly what he got."

Why Shantung is Such a Prize.

Now that Shantung is so prominently before the public, and every one that reads the newspapers knows what a fight has been made for its possession by both China and Japan, it may interesting to know why this province is considered such a prize.

Elmer Benson, an engineer who has returned to the United States after doing survey work in the Phillipines, has given out a very interesting statement as to the result of a personal inspection ne made of Shantung some months ago. He says Shantung is about as big as Wisconsin, and is fabulously rich. "Just how rich it is, try to imagine Wisconsin with a population of 40,000,000 all supported by Wisconsin products. Crowd a third of the population of the United States into Wisconsin, and see how populous and rich—and how tax producing—that state would become."

The climate is fine, because high mountains keep off the winds from the North, and the Chinese in Shantung raise rice and silk, just as if Shantung were a southern land. They tell you no one ever heard of a vegetable that couldn't be raised in Shan[illegible] [illegible]'s description was a [illegible] province and, and it is easy to [illegible] both China and Japan [illegible] playing the game of dip[illegible]y skillfully were the prize [illegible]ered was so desirable.

The question is just at present said to be the only point at issue that is delaying the end of the arms parley at Washington, but Saturday the Associated Press carried the statement that the Shantung negotiations had taken another step forward. So it is probable that the end is in sight of the question that has been agitating China and Japan for some years past.—Augusta Chronicle.